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SOCIETY NEWS.

to "Modern Life."

MARY IS GOING TO PARIS.

or a Long-delayed "Call."

far never witnessed the spectacle of
ueen driving through the boulevards
g George and Queen Mary together
d his lady next April. Most people
visit to the French capital which King
paid in person soon after his accession
accordance with time-honoured custom
archs. Many reasons have so far prevented
ing this, and, in consequence, the French
the idea that King George's feeling towards
no means so cordial as was that of his father,
ed to be seen in the Bois de Boulogne at least
year throughout his reign.

* * *

Mary and Madame Poincare.

he King has only recently heard of the view now taken
His Majesty's tardiness in going to Paris, and in order to reassure the French, and keep the Entente Cordiale warm, he has decided to depart from the custom of centuries, and take Queen Mary with him. This is, of course, a good idea, for Queen Mary cuts a very smart figure in a Royal coach, and her complexion is one of which any Englishwoman might be proud. The visit, however, will be somewhat embarrassing for the French President's wife, Madame Poincaré, who will have little opportunity of getting accustomed to Royalty before the visit closes.

* * *

The Prince as a "boulevardier."

Madame Poincaré did not come over when the French President paid his state visit to London last year. Queen Victoria was once seen in state in Paris with her husband, the Prince Consort, but France was not a Republic then, and the Emperor Napoleon III. and Empress Eugenie required no lessons in the art of receiving other sovereigns. I hear that it is now definitely settled that the Pragger Wagger will go with his parents to Paris, where he is already a familiar figure, and is said in Buckingham Palace to be anxious to develop into as true a "boulevardier" as was his illustrious grandfather.

* * *

Why will English Dukes go to Naples?

What is the precise fascination that takes English dukes to Naples? The latest ducal arrival is His Grace of Sutherland, who has had his pocket picked. Surely the gay Duke must have heard his brother of Leeds tell that story of how Naples robbed him of his purse with four hundred and forty pounds in notes in it! The Duke of Leeds is a charming man, and a simple, and as unsuspicious of roguery as you would expect an English Duke to be. His Grace arrived in Naples four or five years ago with his Duchess, and put up at a very good hotel. His Grace, who is fearless if gentle, never locks his doors o' nights, and so he retired to bed without a suspicion that he was a marked man. His purse was marked, anyway! As soon as the ducal snore was sound enough, a thief coolly walked into His Grace's bedroom, turned out the ducal bags, and walked calmly off with the swag! Since then the Duke has had his faith in h nature considerably shaken. But the man who would bed in a strange hotel in Naples without first locki door must indeed be an angel in disguise.

* * *

Mr. Asquith's Dark Horse.

Mr. Munro-Ferguson will go out to Australia as Gov of the Island Continent as Mr. Asquith's "dark horse the race for that illustrious but rather uncomfortable Mr. Munro-Ferguson, unlike all his predecessors, has even been "tried" in gubernatorial duties. All the Commonwealth Governors-General had been tested in colonies, so that Mr. Asquith's faith in Mr. Munro-Fer must be very great indeed for him to have popped the Scottish M.P. into that difficult and invidious job. Australians are a loyal and law-abiding race, but "you got to know 'em first." In India the "Governor-Sahib salaamed all round, and the white man is as obsequio the native. In Australia it is the Governor who has to do the salaaming!

* * *

A Job that no British Peer can Keep.

What the Commonwealth Governor-Generalship can easily be imagined from the following facts: Up now not one of Mr. Munro-Ferguson's predecessors kept his job for its natural term. A Governor-Gener the Commonwealth is appointed for five years, the as the Governors of the Indian presidencies. The Governor-General was the Earl of Hopetoun, who himself a fish out of water. He had been a dandy in Lo and was very smart and good-looking. Two years a few months was Lord Hopetoun's limit, and he then home, was made "Marquess of Linlithgow," fell ill, died. His successor, Lord Tennyson, who had already "salted" as Governor in South Australia before the of the Commonwealth, chucked his job but a few mo after his arrival.

* * *

Some Disappointed Australian Governors.

Lord Northcote, the rich little man with the big whom the writer knew for a very good sort when he Burra-sahib on Malabar Hill in Bombay, was somethi a stayer "down under," and lasted for four years. Earl of Dudley, who succeeded Lord Northcote, got tired of his job by the time he had had it for two summ and Lord Denman, albeit he was one of Mrs. Asquith's cronies, has found being turned out of house and h by the resentful politicians of New South Wales too for his dignity after two and a half years. So, as we said, Mr. Munro-Ferguson is a very dark horse indeed. his career will be watched with amused interest. He I learn, receive a Peerage as "Lord Fifeshire" before leaves England.

* * *

Why Lord Sydenham was Ear-Marked.

Had Mr. Munro-Ferguson not cared to take on Australian billet I hear that it was to have been offered Lord Sydenham, who was out in Bombay as Governor so many years ago, and had been a Governor in one of Australian colonies before that. Lord Sydenham has curious distinction of being the oldest man who was sent to India as a Governor. He was then well known both services as Sir George Sydenham Clarke, the fort tions expert, and Secretary of the famous Defence Com mittee. Sir George S. Clarke stuck his job in Bombay the full five years, and as things are in a state in Aust which can best be adumbrated as "querulous," a very ful and clear-minded fellow was required. Hence the marking of Sir George Clarke, who became Lord Sydenham on his retirement from Bombay. However, Mrs. Asquith man has taken the job, and we shall see how far he will good in it. We wish him calm waters there and back.

* * *

A Cancelled Royal Visit.

Lord Mount Stephen, who is said by the *Daily Ex* (which is invariably wrong) to be in for the appointment vacated by the late Lord Strathcona, has been the recipient of much Royal favour since he retired from Canadian life and took up his abode in historic Brocket Hall. Until year Their Majesties have always paid Lord and Lady Mount Stephen a visit to the Georgian mansion situated so delightfully on the Lea in Hertfordshire. However, this year their Majesties did not go to Brocket, though they delibe about it for some days. What the mystery of the cancelled visit was has puzzled many people. Lord Mount Stephen was, of course, once a carpenter's son at Dun

nff. There he was born in 1829, and was educated
arish school, and as a boy herded cattle on the
ter's" farm in his native glen.

* * *

ter's Son's Rise to Affluence.

on he went to Aberdeen, the nearest large city,
renticed to the drapery trade, then went on to
, and next to London. Here he was employed in
wholesale house which did a considerable trade with
nies. One day a customer from Montreal called in,
tephen took down his order, the customer noted
ature, found that the youth was his cousin, and
im to Canada. Stephen went, and the two cousins
into partnership as merchants in Montreal. That
r sixty years ago. Stephen's success was almost
n. In time he became a Director of the Bank of
, and head of the C.P.R. This great scheme of
y right across Canada was the making of the colony.
marvellous undertaking Stephen was closely asso-
ith his cousin, who was no other than the late
rathcona, and it is no exaggeration to say that the
given away to charitable objects by these two
ble Scots ran into millions. If Lord Mount Stephen
Lord Strathcona as High Commissioner for Canada,
t in two very extraordinary lives will have its just
ion. This is improbable, however, as Lord Mount
is eighty-five years old.

* * *

onets for Australians.

Mount Stephen was, by the way, the first of our
peers. Moreover, it is worth noting that no Aus-
has ever been ennobled. We dread the result of
this fact patent for the first time, for when it strikes
ralian mind it will create a nasty taste in the mouth
Munro-Ferguson. Canada, nevertheless, has had
erages—those of Lords Mount Stephen, Macdonald
cliffe, and Strathcona. Why no Australian has ever
nobled we are unable to say.

Noble Sons and Pretty Actresses.

The writers in the ladies' papers love to ask themselves and their readers: "Do actresses make good wives for peers?" This is a subject which gets hold of the female mind, and provides endless food for after-dinner discussion. Generally, of course, the argument begins by assuming the foolishness of noble lords marrying "on the stage," followed by "illustrations" Lord Rosslyn's fiasco with Anna Robinson, for instance. And there are others. The end of the discussion, of course, is always the same. Nothing but abject misery can follow the union of an actress and "a man of blood!" But as it happens such arguments are completely refuted by facts. Actresses, as a rule, make excellent wives for peers. And why? Simply because, when a peer marries an actress, he does so for love, and in ninety cases in every hundred the contented married woman is she whose husband is violently in love with her. Not many women can withstand a man who won't be said "Nay!"

* * *

Fate of the Gaiety's Countesses.

There is another reason why actress-peeresses are a success. It is because his Lordship, albeit in love, and therefore not quite "all there" (for the time being) has made up his mind that the lady is a much smarter, much more gifted, much more presentable, woman than any of the women whom he knows in his own set. And this is generally the case. The marriage of Lord Churston and Miss Denise Orme (née Jessie Smither) has been a marked success. So has that of young Earl Poulett and Miss Sylvia Storey. Lord and Lady Poulett are amongst the most romantic couples now to be seen daily in Cairo. Though it doesn't seem like it, nearly six years have elapsed since pretty Sylvia Storey was last seen at the Gaiety, and her runaway marriage with Earl Poulett has been followed by such an exemplary career of domesticity that she is already almost forgotten except amongst her stage friends.

HEART-FELT.

...s (who is never tired of telling of his sufferings from various illnesses): "I really had a terrible time this summer. No one knows how much I bore."
(almost bored to death): "Oh, yes, Mr. Jones. I do. Indeed I do!"

She: "You don't mean to say she went to the ball as Lady Godiva?"
He: "Oh, well, she had a bet on."

Peer who didn't Leave the Lady on the Mat.

Her husband's romantic succession to the Poulett earldom after a London organ grinder had for twenty years kept up his claim to being a son of the late Earl Poulett is still well remembered. Lord and Lady Poulett have a little son, who is destined in days to come, as "Viscount Hinton," to remind Londoners of the quaint personage who used to grind out popular tunes in the streets under that title. Lord Poulett is a member of a very blue-blooded family, which has produced seven earls in less than a hundred years. They are not long-livers! We wish long life, however, to his present Lordship, who loved a "light of the stage," and didn't leave her on the mat!

* * *

England "Going to the Dogs!"

Talking about the vagaries of women reminds me of the Hon. Lady Barlow. She is a charming woman, with a tender heart, but emphatic views. Her Ladyship is the wife of a rich landowner of Denbighshire and Cheshire, who was made a baronet by the Radicals in 1907 (usual reason!). Lady Barlow is the sister of that young Lord Denman who has just resigned the Australian Governorship. Now, Lady Barlow some weeks ago happened to pass along the Mall, and on entering the new Admiralty Arch was struck dumb with indignation to see a stone figure of a woman caressing a—no, *not* a baby, but a cannon! "So this is what peaceful England was coming to! So the worship of maternity had given place to the worship of guns! The nation of shopkeepers had become a nation of soldiers!" That, anyway, was the conclusion drawn from this inoffensive piece of sculptural idiom by the Hon. Lady Barlow.

* * *

Lady Barlow's Indignation Proves Infectious.

Boiling with indignation, her ladyship sat her down and "wrote to the papers." The *Daily News*, of course. Lady Barlow's indignation was easily communicated by her delightful language to a crowd of other noble-hearted women, and the sub-editors of the *Daily News* had a hot time. The Press photographers, of course, did a roaring trade with photographs of the offending statue, and Lady Barlow's postman had to carry her letters in bags. Nobody would trouble to write a line about the statue now, of course. As a matter of fact the statue is a very pretty piece of work and quite harmless—much less so, at any rate, than some of our Kings (notably James II. close by) who are depicted in Roman togas, with their curls crowned by hero's bays.

* * *

Eloquence Worth a Guinea an Hour.

But, do you know, that abandoned woman cuddling cannon has so got hold of dear Lady Barlow's domestic mind that she has actually shifted into a house in Carlton House Terrace so as to be as near the hideous statue as possible. A sweet little friend of mine, who the other day listened with well-concealed amusement to Lady Barlow's eloquence when on the subject of the statue, tells me that it is "worth a guinea an hour" to hear the story from her Ladyship's own lips. We hope to have that pleasure shortly when Lady Barlow gives her final "At Home" on May 5th, almost within sight of the "woman with the gun!"

* * *

Arrival of the Furlana.

The Furlana, the dance that solved the problem of the banned Tango, has arrived in London at last, a week after it had caught Paris, and three weeks after it had gripped Rome. A Kensington dancing-master tells me that the members of a Roman Catholic Church choir are now being instructed by him in the Furlana, and that, before he could teach it, he himself had to go to Paris to learn it. He is enthusiastic about the Furlana, and says that it ought to oust the Tango completely, being much more exhilarating, equally graceful, and sometimes a trifle amorous; which the Tango certainly never was. The Furlana also provides more and movements as yum-yummy as the Lancers, and is therefore, more likely to achieve permanent popularity in this country, where stateliness is less regarded in dance than joyousness.

* * *

The Pope's Dance Likely to Grip the World.

When the first "Furlana five o'clock" will be held will be interesting to note. The London Opera House might be turned into a huge dancing academy for this dance alone! In any case, the Furlana is likely to be the dance of next season, and "all the rage" by Christmas if Rome has got it very badly. The *imprimatur* of

ness is, of course, a tremendous incentive to all Roman Catholics. In Ireland the Furlana will be danced almost as a religious exercise. The Furlana, as danced by the peasantry of Venice, includes some very close embraces, as well as complicated steps, which might shock a more censorious age than ours. So you see that, after all, the question of the morals of a dance is purely one of the point of view," and the most difficult and moral dance that ever was known, the too-popular Tango, is to be replaced by a dance that will be popular not for an hour but probably for decades.

* * *

Peter the Packer and His Successor.

So Lord O'Brien is to be replaced in Dublin by Mr. Justice Cherry, to whom Mr. Asquith has always been peculiarly kind. Lord O'Brien of Kilfenora, the retiring Lord Chief Justice, was quite a "character," and he will be but ill-replaced by his successor. You couldn't make Mr. Justice Cherry into a "character." He is much too prosaic. Peter O'Brien, *au contraire*, was a real Irish judge of the old-fashioned type. I remember, not much over a decade ago, he opened the Assizes at Kerry by a request to all the merchants of the town to let all their employees off on the following Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, so that they might go down to Cork to see the great International boat race on the Lea. The race, it may be mentioned, was Peter's own idea; and *wasn't* he just proud of it, bedad! Anyway, the race resulted in over £100,000 being brought into Cork from abroad, while Peter O'Brien persuaded the Kaiser to send a crew, which was well beaten by Leander. England was represented by four out of the thirteen crews —Magdalen and University (Oxford), Emmanuel College (Cambridge) and Leander.

* * *

The Independence of the Munster Bar.

Another delightful reminiscence I recall of Peter O'Brien was his wild anger with Mr. McD. Bodkin, when that gentleman pleaded the cause of the Editors of the *Freeman's Journal* and the *Dublin Telegraph* over their alleged contempt of court in commenting upon the evidence in the trial of Mr. McHugh some fourteen years ago. Peter was very angry when Mr. Bodkin chipped his Lordship about the way he used to pack his juries before he was a judge, and Lord O'Brien, as he had become, banged his fist down upon the bench, and said he would have Mr. Bodkin thrown out of the court in two minutes! It was a scene which has had but one precedent in the Irish courts within living memory, and Lord O'Brien wasn't long left to forget it. For it had been no other than Peter the Packer himself who had been nearly thrown out of a court by an Irish judge.

That was in 1877, when Peter told Mr. Justice McKeogh that "if this sort of thing goes on then 'Farewell' to the independence of the Munster Bar"!

Mr. Justice McKeogh eventually apologised to Peter abjectly, and all was well. But it was distinctly funny that Peter, as Irish Lord Chief Justice, should himself have committed the folly of threatening to clear a barrister out of the court. By the way, Peter is still a great "draw" in certain places. For instance, when the Liverpool Nationalists want to raise funds they have only to stick up an Aunt Sally labelled "Peter the Packer," and depicting Lord O'Brien in his full legal costume, and they can always fetch in a few pounds at twopence a shy! Lord O'Brien's great pride is his clever daughter, Miss Georgina O'Brien, whose stories of Irish peasant life have for years had a wide vogue in the "disthressful country."

It takes a pretty good carpenter to floor a pugilist.

* * *

A man is indeed ignorant if he is ignorant of his own ignorance.

* * *

Many an orator with a grip on his subject can't hold his audience.

* * *

A small boy with made over trousers naturally takes after his father.

* * *

"Afternoon train to Quebec halts."—Headline. Can you blame it?

* * *

Few young men rise in the world until after they settle down.

'Her mother says she's a good-for-nothing girl."
"Looks to me more like the bad-for-something variety."

MORE OR LESS.

An Evergreen.

It's never too late to do anything these days if only you live long enough. So the bridegroom of eighty-eight must have felt when he eloped with his bride of sixty-eight. You would have thought an American banker of that age would scarcely have been as green as one of his own dollar bills. Still, we must blame it on to love again, I suppose; poor old love that gets cash for nothing and credit for all! The banker admits to loving the lady fifty years ago. He even remembered her in her cradle. Perhaps if she had very strong lungs he didn't love her quite so much then. Anyway, he has married her, and they are now, according to a paper, "on their way to Florida." At least, they call it that.

* * *

Heart Vandalism.

Another act of vandalism of the heart is to be perpetrated in New York in a day or two when Thackeray's love-letters to Mrs. Brookfield will be sold by public auction. Such an action seems to me almost as indecent as would be putting a live heart on a plate and watching it beat. A heart should not be turned into an Earl's Court Exhibition. Only lately Browning's love-letters were sold, and I think it was who made the only protest that appeared in print about A love-letter should have no commercial value, just love should have no settling day. Love's bills always go unpaid. If you make a Stock Exchange out your heart you mustn't be surprised if you get hammered Affection isn't a financial thing. It is a thing so apart from all the rest of life that to sell a love-letter is to me almost like selling a prayer.

* * *

The Pope's Dance.

One rather wonders who is the bold spirit who has dared to exploit the Pope by announcing that the successor of the defunct tango had received the Pontifical blessing. I have seen photographs of the new dance. I have read descriptions of it. And, I must confess, I was puzzled over his Holiness's recommendation, for the new dance has all the features of the old. Its only newness seems to lie in the fact that it is obligatory, not voluntary, on the part of the dancers to kiss. Of course, it has now transpired that the Pope never blessed the furlana at all. But it doesn't matter one whit now that it has had all the advertisement. We have taken the furlana to our arms—or rather to our legs—and His Eminence, if he has ever heard of the dance (which I doubt), will now have to console himself for the vain use that has been taken of his name by remembering that dancing was in the beginning a religious cult. True it was secularised first by the theatre as far as the days of the Greek period, but for long it survived in the holy part of the religious ceremonies, although, of course, since the days of the Renaissance dancing as approved by the Church lives only in the Carnival which is still the orthodox Catholic Saturnalia. Dancing used to be a thing of dignity and grace; now it has become a thing of such utter gracelessness that it would seem as though the modern ball-room had been bodily transported to a nigger farm way down in Dixie. Certainly some of the steps you see there look very like its water-melons.

* * *

Dreams as an Asset.

A lot of fuss has lately been made over a question which is really as old as the anthills—"Should children be told the origin of life?" It seems to me there is only one answer. Of course not! Take away a child's dream and you take something from it nothing in life will ever afterwards replace. For pity's sake leave the kiddies alone in their pretty fancies of the stork and the cabbage-patch, and don't make them old men and women before their time. Don't be afraid of meeting their eyes as you will be when the dreams are chased from them and they have been initiated into the realities of things. Realities are the play-things to give them in place of the fancies which belong by immortal right to childhood. Let the kiddies remain young as long as possible. They will be none the better for learning the ugly things of life too soon. There are stones which, however wrapped round by grass to-day may be, always hurt.

* * *

Egg-Shell-in-Laws.

I can't say I am much impressed with the result of the recent mother-in-law test. You will remember a prospective bridegroom took his prospective mother-in-law to live with him a month before the wedding to see if they could get on together. Of course, they did. It stands to reason that they were both, for obvious reasons, on the best behaviour. Neither wanted to have the match broken off. A bridegroom looks upon the world with rose-coloured spectacles. He knows the joy of the explorer who sees stretching before him a virgin track of richly-covered land. Even a mother-in-law becomes a shadowy figment scarcely obscuring the golden sea of the future. And when you come to think of it, the comic song mother-in-law is rarely to be met with in every-day existence. Man isn't such a tame creature after all that. He had no need to be. The easiest thing in the world to break is an egg—or a woman.

LOUISE HEILGER.

CHANGED.

First Chorus Lady: "What do you think, dear? George is back from Klondyke, stony-broke, and so altered that you would hardly know him!"

Second Chorus Lady: "I'm sure I shan't, dear."

Spiritualists in New York (Dear journalistic New York have heard from Mr. W. T. Stead. We understand that was much gratified at the collapse of the coal strike.

* * *

There are several undesirable brands of trust, but trusting to luck is an unsatisfactory as any.

OTHER PEOPLE'S INDISCRETIONS

AND WHAT RUMOUR SAYS.

Does that beautiful society lady, who is just now much in the public eye, ever think, we wonder, of that unfortunate contretemps over a photograph of herself, a picture and a dream of beauty for the eye to dwell upon? She was photographed à la nature by an eminent photographic artist not a hundred miles from Mayfair, and left instructions that the prints were to be forwarded to her at the —— Hotel at—well, somewhere on the Riviera.

* * *

Her stay there, however, was briefer than she intended for some reason, and she had gone by the time the photographs arrived. No instructions had been left concerning the packet, the sender's name was not on it, nor had the lady given her address (though it would, of course, have been quite easy to ascertain it), so the hotel people opened the envelope, their intention being to return the contents. To their astonishment there were revealed photographs in a state of nature of the visitor whose beauty had charmed everybody.

*

The cinema company engaged in filming the Life of Shakespeare is a trifle out in placing the deer stealing episode and conflict with keepers in Charlecote Park. It is a historical fact that the incident did not occur at Charlecote, but in the neighbouring park of Fulbrook. There were then no deer at "Justice Shallow's" place, and the mansion had not long been built. The production may, as it is stated, be a classic among films, but let us have at least accuracy of detail in these historical pictures.

*

Mr. Zangwill's attempt in "The Melting Pot" to point the way to a reconciliation of Jew and Gentile would have been more convincing if his sly hits at the Gentiles had not been so fervently applauded by the Jews among the first night's audience.

* * *

The accounts of the Dublin season which are appearing in the daily papers give but a faint idea of the deadly dullness which now characterises the social functions at the Castle. The "commands," guests who have responded to the Vice-Regal sprinkling of peers whose politics make an appearance at the Dublin Court obligatory. Politics do not, however, account for all the absentees, as there is no denying the fact that things have not been well done under the Aberdeen régime. Their Excellencies spare neither their money nor time in good works, but apparently they do not include in that category the feeding of their official guests.

* * *

Is it true that more linen is about to be washed in public owing to a disagreement between two well-known families? And is the inevitable third person concerned, who is just now quietly chuckling at the success of his little scheme of setting the former friends at loggerheads, aware that if the matter is brought into Court his name will assuredly be mentioned? And will he not then realize that you cannot touch pitch without getting defiled?

* * *

Is it true that the name of another big firm ought to be divulged in the Canteen Scandal? And how is it that it has not yet come out?

* * *

The cheapjack auctioneers are at it again in the City and West End. They have introduced a brand new trick into their extensive repertory. When we entered one of the "auction rooms" the other day a fountain pen was instantly knocked down to us for a shilling. When we said that we didn't bid there was a tinkling sound and a half-crown piece fell at our feet. The auctioneer's "clerk" came forward, picked it up and said "Thank you, sir," offering us 1s. 6d. change. With that we walked out. Surely the confidence trick up to date!

* *

When are the police going to catch the man who makes a practice of accosting boys on Putney Hill, and about whom so many complaints have been received?

* *

What is the nature of the orgies that are taking place at the South Kensington flat in which women and champagne figure so prominently?

* *

Does the well-known artist relish the visits of the broken-down and drink-sodden actor to his studio at Brighton? Can he do anything to stop these embarrassing visits? Is it true that they are brothers, and is the money that passes between them paid only on the understanding that this fact does not leak out?

* * *

Isn't the serious illness of the lady of Westbourne Grove the result of attempted suicide? And mightn't she have passed into the shadows if her maid had not smelt the escaping gas? Has her husband repented, and forgiven her double sin? We hope so.

* * *

Are the War Office official's scarred hands and face really due to heroism and a burning building, or are they not more intimately connected with a Hindu girl and formic acid?

* * *

What is happening at the house in Grosvenor Place? Why do so many flashily dressed but questionable looking women visit there during the day, while a man is rarely seen to enter the doors?

Lily: "I want to introduce you to a young lady, a nice girl; one who's worth her weight in gold."
Brother Bob: "Stout girl, I hope!"

LIVELY LITTLE LEADERS.

MESSRS. BUNKUM, FLAPDOODLE & CO., (UNLIMITED).

Those who do me the honour of reading these articles will have observed that I am not a respectable member of Society. At least, I sincerely hope they will have so observed. "Respectable" with inverted commas, I mean, not without. There is, of course, all the difference in the world. I've got a dress suit and two or three six-guinea ordinary suits, and a few clean shirts and collars; I am on quite pally terms with a Bishop, although I admit that he is a Colonial and a broad-minded one, and that I have actually seen him do such wicked things as smoking a cigarette and drinking a whisky-and-soda; I have seen slapped on the back by an ex-Prime Minister; I went to a Baptist Tabernacle the other Sunday night and heard a gentleman with a stand-up-turn-down collar (rather funny for a parson) and no tie, tell a lot of poor credulous people that he knew all about the historicity of Jesus, although ignorant men like Renan and Strauss and Arthur Balfour didn't; so I am quite respectable—especially as I have the remnants of a University education hanging around me somewhere. But don't, reader, think for a moment that I am "respectable." It would be as great an insult as it is to call a Kafir "Inja"—a spirit-snake. The Archbishop of Canterbury is "respectable," because he gets £10,000 a year for being afraid to say what he thinks about the Kikuyu controversy and other things. The Prime Minister of England is "respectable," because he gets a whopping big salary for pretending that he is going to face civil war when he knows that he is going to do nothing of the kind (and other things). A certain judge is "respectable" because he is going to spend the rest of his life sending men to prison for doing (in principle) what he has done himself in the way of what is called "high finance." Sir Edward Carson is "respectable" because he only organizes civil war from noble and beautiful and heavenly altruistic motives, and not from sordid and mercenary and vulgar motives like Jim Larkin. But the Dean of Manchester is *not* "respectable," because he says he doesn't care tuppence for kings and queens, if he honestly thinks that thousands of pounds are being lavishly expended upon their entertainment when millions of people are starving in the great cities—because he goes behind the scenes of wicked theatres and chats with wicked actors and actresses, and actually invites wicked mummers to go to his cathedral to sit by the side of "respectable" people. Disraeli was not "respectable," because, although one of the greatest men England ever produced (quite apart from political opinions), he once told a howling lie in the House of Commons to save his face—a lie that was not one whit more or less culpable than the Marconi lies that have more recently been told at Westminster by sweetly angelic statesmen whose oleaginous eloquence would make you think that butter would not melt in their mouths. Thomas Hardy, the greatest novelist living (or perhaps dead, for the matter of that), is not "respectable," because he is an agnostic and wrote "Jude, the Obscure." Francis Thompson was not "respectable," because he drank laudanum and befriended a poor outcast of the streets. Mr. H. G. Wells is not "respectable," because in "The Passionate Friends" he gave us a true study of the animal-like immorality of boys, and tried to teach fat-headed parents something of their duty towards the poor little creatures whom they have brought into a world that is hard and ghastly and gruesome to those who are criminally allowed by responsible people to swelter through it with Ignorance as their only Saint. The editor of *Modern Life* is not "respectable," because he allows a rebellious, contumacious, mutinous, iconoclastic man like Jonathan Grub Strete to write for his paper.

All this has occurred to me in connection with the fact that during the past week England has been worshipping at the shrine of the Apotheosis of Respectability with Inverted Commas. Or, to put it in less romantic language, Parliament has once more assembled for the purpose of furthering the interests of ambitious politicians, robbing the people by unnecessary taxation, spoofing posterity into the belief that we are a United Empire, trying to catch votes by pretending that we are going to have civil war in Ireland, or are not going to have it, as the case may be, when everybody knows that there isn't a statesman in the British House of Commons who has the pluck to face civil war (rightly or wrongly), and that the whole caboodle already been practically settled by the fierce-looking men who howl at one another on public platforms and wine together with chuckling sweetness in pr and generally playing parliamentary hell with everyth the sole and solitary interests of that grim game Party-politics.

In a word, we have had the opening of the great stock-taking sale of the great and glorious firm of Bu Flapdoodle and Co. Mr. Lloyd George (with his ton his cheek, and not forgetting to omit the sloppy mentalism and Biblical quotations that he thinks are enough for popular audiences) will tell us that he has specially forwarded, carriage paid, by Heaven to us all with motor-cars and make the desert bloss a rose. That is Bunkum. Mr. Bonar Law will tell the little volunteer forces of Ulster are just about verise the Army that holds within itself with splendid the traditions of Wellington and Kitchener and Ro and that he has not dropped Tariff Reform becau thinks it is at present a bad vote-catching policy, but he can't sleep o' nights for the burning indignation oppresses his soul as he ponders over the iniquit rapscallions like Parnell and Redmond. That is Flapd Mr. Winston Churchill will tell us, as he has told us that he formed his previous opinions on political qu when he was "only a boy," and that now that he has a man he has put away childish things. And all the dear Winston will know (as we know) perfectly well he is not now any more than he was in the past, an member of the Radical and Socialistic party, but ju left the Tory party because of personal pique and be he thought he could reach the Premiership quicker by j the terrible Radicals whom previously he had denou as poltroons and traitors. All of which is, again, But Mr. Walter Long will tell us that he is delighted subserviently beside his "revered leader," Mr. Bonar the noble leader of the party of nobles that has made Eng great. And all the time Mr. Walter Long will know well that he, a true representative of the aristocracy landed gentry of England, wishes Mr. Bonar Law bottom of the sea; just as the aristocracy wish him bottom of the sea, because the present Leader of the sition is a common, self-made business man of consp ability who has in reality no more connection, psychol or practical, with the blue-blooded party of Lord downe than John Burns has, and is only in his p position because of the intense jealousy between Mr. Long and Mr. Austen Chamberlain. All of which is Flapdoodle.

Well, I don't know whether you agree with me, like Monsignor Benson, that some of you don't; for, great Catholic said the other day, one has some use men who disagree honestly and will fight, but no use for the sloppy, backboneless brigade who have no opi of their own, or, if they have, are too "respectable" too cowardly to express them. Such people make me if I may be allowed an unparliamentary expression parliamentary article. I sometimes think that Dante was made for some of these, and not for poor, stru erring human souls who do their rotten best with chances in a funny world. And I can, with my imagin mind, see, and see with a sorrow that is not unmixed glee, the members of the great firm of Bunkum, Flapd and Co. warmly received by the three-headed fiend kept guard in Dante's charnel house:

"Cerberus, cruel monster, fierce and strange,
Through his wide three-fold throat barks like a d
Over the multitude immersed beneath."

JONATHAN GRUB STRE

Dr. James Cantlie, tropical medicine specialist, de that the limits of the liver can be gauged by a tuning This is after the organ has been subjected to the fork. *Similia similibus curantur.* The tuning fork lie, says Cantlie.

* * *

When a man puts his foot in it he feels like ki himself.

* * *

A Fools' Masquerade is to be held on the next Apri first as ever was. None but fools are wanted. If the is big enough all the world and his wife will be *Après*, we would suggest a liars' ball. In the former the M.C. should be made up à la Carlyle; in the presen Solomon should direct. In neither shall we be

OURSELVES AND THER PEOPLE.

does not always wait for poverty to enter the door t flies out of the window.

* * *

HIS ONE CHANCE.

eat very little, Mr. Smith," said the maiden coyly ashful lover who had been invited to dinner.
" replied he, and for once he saw a chance, and, g his courage, he said: "To sit next to you, Miss s to lose one's appetite."

* * *

man is his own master, or else a slave for others.

* * *

our daughter improving in her music?"
; I'm using hair dye—that's what makes me look r."

* * *

MERIT.

Beezley : Please tell me what baking-power do you

Vansock: Bumley's, of course! It is positively the solutely pure adulteration of the article in the market.

* * *

us an architect who believes in keeping his plans self!

* * *

LUCIDLY EXPLAINED.

Johnsing: Say, Mr. Dorman, who am de meaning of e line on de ticket whar it says "not transferable"?
Dorman: Dat means, Bre'r Johnsing, dat no gen'le- admitted unlessen he comes hisself.

* * *

Hoyle: I admire a good liar.
Hoyle: Oh, you egotist.

* * *

HE HAD ONLY TO BE HUMBLE.

inister, in an address to other ministers, once said e thought ministers ought to be humble and poor, eir Master. "I have often prayed," said he, "that t be kept humble; I never prayed that I might be I could trust my church for that."—*Harvest World.*

* * *

ughter," called the father from his position at the the stair, at the well-known hours of 11.55 p.m., n't that young man know how to say good-night?"
es he?" echoed the young lady from the darkened "Well, I should say he does."—*Pittsburgh Post.*

The Negro: "Can you give me a job?"
The Baker: "No, my friend. We don't make black bread here."
"Le Rire."

"There goes that poor writer, Binks."

"Yep, the poor guy. He used to make a good living out of these 'What a Young Girl Ought to Know' books, but there's no demand for that kind of stuff any more."—*Columbia Jester.*

* * *

DEFINITE.

First Photographer: You were rejected yesterday, weren't you?

Second ditto: Yes; but I got a clear negative.—*Columbia Jester.*

* * *

RASH EXTRAVAGANCE.

A man who had never been hunting shot at a duck in the air. The duck fell dead to the ground.

"Well, you got him!" exclaimed the amateur's friend.

"Yes," replied the amateur; "but I might as well have saved my ammunition—the fall would have killed him."—*Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.*

* * *

HIS ONLY CHANCE.

Johnny: Paw, why was Adam created first?

Paw: To give him a chance to say something, my son.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

* * *

IN BAWSTON.

Sunday-school Teacher: And why are you smiling, Reginald?

Reggie: It's all so amusing! When Eve pilfered the forbidden fruit, she couldn't attribute her monomania to heredity.—*Pennsylvania Punch Bowl.*

* * *

"Do you think the motor-car has come to stay?" asked one man of his neighbour.

"Well," replied the other, "there was one out in front of my house to-day which I thought had, but they got a horse after a while and towed it home."—*Picayune.*

* * *

"Now, my friends," said the candidate, making another effort to arouse enthusiasm in his hearers, "what do we need in order to carry this constituency by the biggest majority in its history?"

The response was immediate and enthusiastic.

"Another candidate!" yelled the audience.—*Toronto World.*

* * *

"Kate says she intends to marry Mr. Plunks to reform him."

"What is his vice?"

"He's a good deal of a miser."—*Sketch.*

* * *

"He told me he had a leaning towards the church."

"Was he sober?"—*Town Topics.*

* * *

Visitor: Do your children go to school?

Mother: Not yet. They're studying sex hygiene, eugenics, and bacteriology.—*Town Topics.*

listen to this, dear! Here's a man who lived for a whole year without his brains."
There are women who live longer than that. Only nobody notices it."
Amusant."

INTERROGATIONS

AND THINGS WE HAVE HEARD.

You may make money honestly—if you are content with very little money.

* * *

It is now the fashion to have your back photographed. Judging from some of the pictures that appear in the daily papers as means of identification, these back views will be just as useful.

* * *

Is there any truth in the rumour that a certain peer contemplates leaving his home for a much warmer fireside? And is the fair one, for whom he proposes deserting his wife a former lady-love?

* * *

A clever woman never allows herself to become an incident in a man's life; she makes the man an incident in hers.

* * *

Has the news, circulated by a French paper, that the Prince of Wales dances the hornpipe much better than Prince Albert, and the King, being displeased at his younger son's performance, gave him a practical illustration of how it should be danced, yet sifted through to Buckingham Palace?

* *

A woman can get through life much better with a damaged reputation than with a damaged complexion.

* *

Man wants but little here below—but the little he does want is usually very *dear*.

* *

Applications for admission to the Pawnbrokers' Ball are so numerous that tickets are already running out. We think we could let them have several!

* *

Mr. Willie Clarkson makes blue and green wigs from five guineas, and thinks they are becoming. So would anybody, if they could sell them at that price.

* *

Quite a number of well-known actresses are to play in "A Pair of Silk Stockings." It has not yet become public property as to who is providing the necessary hose.

* * *

Wine, Women and Song!—many a good man's epitaph.

* * *

Who is the well-known sporting peer who likes breakfasting off ham and eggs in hotels when everyone else is sitting down to lunch?

* * *

And who is the authoress who shows a great affection for a short clay pipe when writing, and a "churchwarden" when thinking out her books?

* * *

"Lady Desborough sold for £70,000" sounds remarkably like a White Slave Traffic deal, but in reality it is only the *Daily Sketch's* way of referring to the sale of the Panshanger Madonna.

* * *

A man is known by the company he keeps—after midnight!

* * *

A certain comedian is adding to his income by the sale of new laid eggs from his country residence. It is possible that he may have had experience in stale ones in the part of his career.

* * *

A Mr. Smith—somehow the name seems familiar—that he is a relation of the late Lord Strathcona entitled to a portion of his estates. Should there to be anyone else of the same name about, we quite lively complications arising.

* * *

Everyone has to buy his own experience, and most seem to purchase it in instalments.

* * *

M. Poiret says that "no dress is immodest in itself it is possible for *no* dress to be anything at all, we agree that it would be decidedly immodest.

* * *

What is the name of the Cabinet Minister who is all his big speeches on oxygen just now?

* * *

Whether the journalist who was mistaken for official at St. James's Palace is likely to suppress "scoop" he obtained.

* * *

"Virtue is its own reward." That's why so few get rewarded days.

*

The *Weekly* *patch* is running serial called Poison League, last week's page where the story appeared numerous advertisements, each one of which with some patent or medicine. story circles round attempts to solve baffling mystery reason for the deaths of many and in the centre the page we come the reassuring in bold black "It Must be As *Punch* would "Another apology.

*

"A stone melts away hips and abdomen outward application a few simple —(advertisement weekly). Our advertising is

"Stoicism."

cate and pictorial. Now our politicians have a few to hand for their general affliction—just a few simple herbs in the lining of the hat. So simple.

* * *

The new career of "film-spotting," or "film-which (we read) is proving very lucrative to a few women, has, strangely, nothing to do with the manufacture of ladies' veils. The spots on these are usually applied by hydraulic machinery, and as for tasting—well, most men are prepared to undertake the task without payment, if there is a pretty girl on the other side.

* * *

Who is the popular actress who so frequently gets on eau de Cologne?

* * *

Why does the former "society" lady smoke cigars?

* * *

We hear on good authority that one of our leading militant suffragettes is likely to be married before the end of the year, and to a man of particularly strong character, who is not at all in sympathy with the militant movement. Is it true that she intends to convert him? And isn't it a fair cards that her own opinions will change? Events point to the latter alternative.

The death of Fanny Lady Wicklow, step-mother of the Earl of Wicklow, recalls a famous peerage case, now almost forgotten though it happened less than half a century ago and caused immense excitement at the time, the case being more like the imaginative creation of a sensational novelist than an actual incident in real life. The fourth Lord Wicklow (uncle of the deceased lady's husband, the late peer, and of his elder brother, the fifth Earl) died in 1869, and then a claim to the title and estates was made on behalf of a pretty six-year-old boy by his alleged mother, widow of Mr. William George Howard, another nephew, and until his death heir-presumptive to the earldom.

* * *

The case came before the Lord Chancellor and several judges. Mrs. Howard, a tall, handsome woman, said the little boy was her son by William George Howard, a ne'er-do-well, with extravagant habits, who got poorer and poorer while waiting for his old uncle to die. The couple drifted at last to mean lodgings in an indifferent street in Bloomsbury, but creditors became so pressing that Howard had to fly and live in hiding near by. At length death saved him from further worries. Five years later Lord Wicklow died, and then Mrs. Howard produced, as she alleged, the son, heir to the title and the estates of the Earls of Wicklow.

The case dragged on for days. The little lad was represented by the Solicitor-General, who later became Lord Justice Coleridge, and the family was represented by the great barrister who was subsequently Lord Chancellor and Earl of Selborne. Then came a most dramatic surprise. It could not be proved that Mrs. Howard had not had a child (even though registration of the birth of the alleged son was lacking), but it was conclusively proved that the boy she asserted was the fifth Earl of Wicklow had been obtained from an inmate of a Liverpool Workhouse!

* * *

When a woman expresses a wish her husband pays the express charges.

* * *

Last week, at a Paris church, the priest refused to proceed with a marriage ceremony because the bride was too décolletée, and she had to wrap herself closely in her bridal veil before he would continue. Another sample of the increasing independence of the fair femininity, we presume.

* *

Poor old England is not yet defunct, it seems. Most of our championships have gone away from us, and it has remained for the hens to provide the opportunity for feeble crow. At the third international egg-laying contest at the State Agricultural College, Mansfield, Connecticut, a team of British White Wyandottes fairly laid out their competitors. An eggshellent example!

* *

The latest Society mascot is a small ivory sitting pig, made in Japan. It is becoming very "Tariff Reform" popular in extreme Tariff circles—the Whole Hoggers.

* *

The halfpenny pictorial dailies have been publishing a photograph of a new fashion for a lady at Monte Carlo, which has a snake made of sequins encircling the arm. It is, of course, quite right that this should be a spring fashion, for woman's first rencontre with the serpent came before the Fall.

* *

A few days ago the *Chronicle* announced that Lieut.-Col. Sir Anthony Arthur Lucas, Bart., C.V.O., D.S.O., has been appointed his Majesty's Lieutenant and Custos Rotulorum for the county of Kildare. This is rather belated news, considering that he received the appointment in December, and it is on a parallel of information our contemporary in December that the Queen was at the Chatsworth visit, lunch with the "son of Kedleston's father, the noble Marquis of Scarsdale." The noble peer is, of course, only a baron.

General Smuts says that "Johannesburg is the Mecca of the hooligan." Perhaps that explains the deportation of the nine, for possibly their characters did not come up to the Jo'burg standard required by the general of the speckled name.

* * *

Lawyer: I think I can get you a divorce, madam, for cruel and inhuman treatment; but do you think your husband will fight the suit?

Woman: Fight! Why, the little shrimp dasn't even come into a room where I am!

* * *

The *Star*, in an article headed "Appetising Furniture," suggests that furniture should be chosen so that the arrangement immediately indicates the nature of the room, whether for dining, sleeping, etc. This can be extended to public buildings, and in future we may see Chippendale in our fish and chip saloons, and Adam furniture at our public baths and music-halls.

* * *

Dutton: You should pay more attention to your personal appearance, old chap. Remember that the clothes make the man.

De Broke: Yes; but for me the man refuses to make any more clothes.

* * *

The average woman can get more exhilaration out of a cheap compliment than a man can out of a quart of champagne.

* * *

A Scotch farmer of a miserly disposition bought a horse at a fair. On the way home he thought a drink of water would refresh it, so he got a pail of water; but the animal would not take it. When he got home, he offered it a feed of corn; but to his surprise it would not touch that, either. "Weel," he muttered to himself, "if only I was sure ye were a guid worker, ye're the verra horse for me."

Occupations for the fair sex (as suggested by modern feminine encroachment).

No. 1. THE [illegible]

TABLOID TOPICS.

"Twins for a Knight," says *Lloyd's*. Poor man! He'll have 'em for many nights.

* * *

Daily Mail headline: "A Woman's Flat." Liar! All those we know are round.

* * *

"Hose on Madman."—*Star* headline. We sincerely hope that he had his shirt on as well.

* * *

How do the political party engineers like the new game of Bowles? Look out for Whigs (and Tories) upon the green.

* * *

"Burglars' Dummy Safe," says the *Daily Chronicle*. We are glad to hear it. A foolish rumour had got round that it was stolen.

* * *

"The Greatest Force in the world, Mr. J. J. Kidd." Title of lecture to be delivered at a suburban literary society. Is Kidd by Bluff out of Spoof?

* * *

The Countess of Warwick has been writing on treating the thin neck. What's the thick neck done? It is not destitute of capacity for being treated.

* * *

A contemporary thinks that Mr. Lloyd George must go to another "hen-roost" to square the National Exchequer accounts. Well, he's cock of the walk.

* * *

"Miss X. in the something Mask" is fasting for 40 days with the idea of beating the fastest suffragette on record. She is probably living on her own name—an unknown quantity.

* * *

Aluminium top-hats are being made. The chapeaux suggest a title for the next revue—"Halloo, Minium!" At all events they will be very light opera hats. Another step perhaps towards the Allumillennium.

* * *

A man named Willard, sentenced to 19 months' imprisonment for frauds upon tradesmen, was described by his Counsel as a "man of many parts." Our learned brother was in error. It was owing to his client being a man of few "parts" that he got into trouble.

* * *

The antitheses of Old Mother Hubbard's dog are found in three Pekingese Spaniels who were literally and luxuriously fed while their old mistress starved herself to death.

Old Mother Hubbard
She went to the cupboard
And drew out the last bone and bun,
Which she gave, if you please,
To her three Pekinge-
And so the old dame had none.

"Who is Mr. Joel?" asked Mr. Justice Darling recent trial. Solly he doesn't know!

* * *

Said Judge Gye: "I know women who dye their green, purple and all colours." We suppose that is made him gye.

* * *

Sir Thomas Dewar is a big-game hunter, and a one. The lions he meets are killed. Does he Scotch prior to killing?

* * *

Lord Haldane is reputed to be a cigar smoker who the last whiff out of his weed. Even in his colle he never liked to give too much fag.

* * *

A Boston paper is in favour of women voting if they to. We should like to see the man who could m vote if they didn't want to!

* * *

"Eve of an Anxious Session—Absurd Error A Duke" is a *Daily Mail* headline. This sounds pleasant piece of scandal, especially as there is an in the matter.

* * *

Mr. Birrell: "If there is one thing I love more than it is the spectacle of an old grammar school alive and ing." He should have said "schoolmaster," in recent litigation.

* * *

Sir Ernest Shackleton says that between thirty and a man is at his best. It seems a bit of a close Sir Ernest to go on another expedition, seeing that in his forty-first year.

* * *

The Chinese President has conferred upon a Mr. Patrick Donovan the insignia of the Fifth Order Excellent Crop. One wonders whether Donovan is a b among barbers or a prince among potato-raisers.

* * *

Let us hope that, on the strength of the par *Evening News* about a piano which Queen Victoria for 57 years, Mr. Mandeville will not try to prove paper that the good lady could not afford to

* * *

Mr. Shaw says that when he goes to a cathedral he always visits the cathedral, but when he visits he visits the picture shows. We should like to that London has got a cathedral and about 500

* * *

Mdlle. Schreiber has been presented with a white Arab horse, replacing the one which died. aspirant for orty ecoley distinction was purchas to which there were not a few aristocratic sub

TO PHYLLIS

(AT A CERTAIN RESTAURANT).

Here midst these restful shades, here where New Art
Bedecks most tastefully each sheltered table,
Where you and your companions form a part
Of the attractive whole, oh why this babel?
From hors d'œuvres to the bill is
A time of tumult. Must this be so, Phyllis?

When from the menu, after hesitation,
I make, and then confide to you, my choice
You cry it loudly, like a proclamation,
A world of criticism in your voice
The rest, with you competing,
Bring to my notice what my neighbour's eating.

Why can you not communicate my wishes
By silent signals to that Force unseen
That sends—or puts a veto on—my dishes
From that mysterious space behind the screen?
I much deplore your habit
Of shouting. Oh, confound that man's "Welsh Ra'bit."

It is on record—where, I quite forget—
That one fair votary of Thespian Art
Merely by quoting from the alphabet
Could raise a tear, could bid all joy depart
Her voice in anguish lifted.
I think that you are similarly gifted.

What wealth of tragedy, what fierce suggestion
Lurks in your grim request for "Mushrooms"
While comedy surrounds there is no question
Your "Eggs on Macaroni," lightly trilled.
And I could write a ballad,
Called "Just in time," or "Stop that cheese and

I do not like it, Phyllis. There may be
Some who take pleasure in your strident note
Who linger on to hear it—so that he
Who came to tea remains to table d'hote
Finding a charm about it.
There may be such, of course, but—well, I doubt

Ponder my words. "Better a crust in peace
For these unrestful times a fitting adage
Unless your pandemonium decreases,
Into the Park (for I am past that mad age
When one enjoys a din)
I'll take my luncheon in a sandwich tin.

MAUDE

A PEEP FROM BEHIND THE VEIL.

...mean man always measures the world by his own ...dard.

* * *

...any a self-made man has been unmade by a tailor-made ...man.

* * *

...he early worm catches the "bird."

* * *

...he more rights a woman has the less she cares to talk ...out them.

* * *

...he high cost of living still enables home to pose as the ...best place on earth.

* * *

The best man seldom wins—at a wedding.

* * *

...any a hungry man is in the soup.

* * *

Most anything is doubtful that poses as a sure thing.

* * *

Anyway the road to happiness is always on the level.

* * *

The small tumbler is responsible for many of the slips attributed to the cup.

* * *

Good intentions should have asbestos wrappers—for reasons unnecessary to mention.

* * *

Our idea of a fussy man is one who isn't on speaking terms with his own conscience half the time.

* * *

Fewer people would have axes to grind if they were forced to supply the rotary power for the grindstone.

* * *

It's terrible to be obliged to love by contract.

IN STAGELAND.

I do wish Mr. Durrant Swan had chosen a less awfully American title for his adaptation from the German "Autoliebchen" to be produced at the New next Saturday. Why not "Love in a Motor"? "The Joy-Ride Lady" reminds us irresistibly of an American vaudeville artist's description of somebody's servant whom he had taken out!

* * *

PHYLLIS BEDELLS.

Miss Phyllis Bedells, whose charming dancing is one of the best features in "Nuts and Wine," at the Empire, is to have greater opportunities in a new (or revived) scena which is to be introduced in a few days. To tell the truth the Empire revue needed brightening and pulling together — a process which is being carried out with desirable effect. Those dreary waits, with a sepulchral black curtain looking the audience in the face, were enough to put a damper on the, otherwise, brightest of shows—not that I mean to class "Nuts and Wine" as especially bright, for the show is a long way below the standard of the last Empire production.

* * *

What nonsense is to be read nowadays by reason of the fact that writers of inexperience and limited influence must of necessity get guessing to fill up the all too frequently recurring gaps caused by a sort of journalistic vertigo resulting from sheer lack of knowledge and insight! A contemporary, which has been recently somewhat prominently before the public and the courts, informs us that the only royal personage who has ever been to the "pictures" is the Duchess of Albany. As a matter of fact a by no means infrequent royal patronage is enjoyed by both the aristocrats of the kinema world—the New Gallery and the West End. I thought everybody knew that Princess Alexander of Teck opened the latter.

* * *

Things are shortly going to shift a little at the Hippodrome. In about a fortnight's time Billy Merson (a ripping little lachrymose comedian this: his best *bon mots* seem to escape just in time to prevent a burst of tears!) will join the caste of "Hullo! Tango," and Harry Tate goes. George Graves will join immediately he is released from "Sleeping Beauty Re-Awakened" at Drury Lane, early in April it is expected. A touring company has just gone into active rehearsal and will commence fourteen days hence.

* * *

Mr. Ned Wayburn—I am sorry to mention him again, but he interests me abnormally—is "resting" in the South of France, and although Mr. de Courville has only just returned thence I'll take 1,000 to 1 against that they didn't meet. It is supposed that the former, having revolutionised the British stage (partly!) to his satisfaction, will now take a good long rest.

* * *

Why is it that "The Music Cure," by George Bernard Sure, at the Little Theatre, after opening quite well with witty lines, suddenly slumps into incoherence? If G.B.S. had sat down to perpetrate his latest in an ex... good mood immediately after dinner, and all was going... when his pipe went out, and, in getting up for the matc... had trodden on the cat and finished "The Music C... with a badly scratched ankle. As it waned no real ... ment was discernible; but, in order that none might ... his neighbour of the non-comprehension of Sha... everybody waited for the "prompt" giggle before ven... on his own initiative. To this extent may the great ... said to have succeeded in luring the public to an acce... of himself at his own valuation.

* * *

I should like to elaborate my remarks anent "Keep... ing!" at the Alhambra from the point where I left o... week. There are two distinct classes of ragtime. ... time that is simple and vacuous enjoys, or enjoyed, ... a measure of popularity as the numbers that are ... question as clever and ambitious in the aggregate as ... musical classics. Only the most sweetly melodious of ... popular rags in the latter category are to be heard ... Alhambra. They are nevertheless numerous, and ... and arranged with a consummate skill that reflects the ... greatest credit indeed upon some brainy musical hum... —probably Mr. John Ansell, or Mr. Hugh E. Wright ... has been fortunate enough to grasp and make the most ... the opportunity of association with this top-hole revue.

* * *

The ballet, "Asiduena," an immaculate artistic stud... passion in Assyrian high life of forgotten ages, is a ... of dainty stage setting with a stronger plot than co... extracted from a dozen musical comedies. The cod to ... of Messrs. Austin and Cook, the dud telepathy of ... Hale and Morrison, and the telephone scena (which I ne... is written by a prominent member of the ducal Ric... family), are the next best scenes of a show that ... hang fire once.

* * *

It is quite impossible to criticise the script or voca... tion, as a crowd of unmannerly nuts standing at the ... of the stalls forbade any occupant of the last five rows ... hearing anything but a few disconnected phrases. ... if Mr. Younghusband could get them isolated in the ... the only alternative left for one is to climb into e... dress and get further up. Really, one of the attrac... of revue is that one may as a rule dispense with the b... shirt and take it in the ordinary stride of the day's ev...

W.R.C.

"Would you mind repeating that last word, sir. I'm so hard up for new revue titles."

A WHIM IN A WIG.

We are wont to say that the days of chivalry are past; the gallantry of the Knights who tilted for a wreath om a beauty, the gallantry of the Cavaliers and the Beaux, quite dead. There is getting of late to be a sort of mechanical tinge throughout mankind, and women to-day in the gusts of passion hindered by the vulgarity of k pocket-handkerchief or the tragedy of a telephone ...er.

...w there was once a man in a furnished top-room who ...ldn't make ends meet. He wrestled with the world like ...ld with a broken hoop, and found it not easily mended. ...d holes in his socks and a safety-pin holding his shirt ...er where a button should have been, and he hated his ...and suit in the day-time.

...aturally he had no friends.

...e sometimes wanted to write a play—but in the mean- ... little commercial travelling, which he enjoyed ... much as a boy does his first term at school.

...evening, as he sat reading, the sounds of a quarrel ...ed his ears and he listened idly.

... door opened below; a feminine voice came up to him ...rly.

...o at once . . get out . . go away!" the voice ...laimed, angrily.

...he man smiled to himself involuntarily and rose and ...t to his own door.

...Don't be a little fool," said a man's voice, in answer ...to feminine one.

..."The bottom step is the last," she answered mockingly. ...There was a pause.

...Then a door slammed.

...To the sound of a man's footsteps descending the stairs. ...Then, after the front door had slammed, silence.

...He stood upon his dark top landing for a moment, ...thinking.

...And a lovely manly horror of intruding upon anyone, ...the chivalrous man's desire to be of assistance.

...He descended two stairs and paused.

..."Pooh," he told himself. "She'll slam the door in your ...face." he told him. "She'll slam the door in your ...face, my friend. Evidently a lady with a temper."

...He descended another stair.

..."What do you care, anyway?" he asked himself. "You ...mind your own business; stop in your own attic, and ...don't interfere."

...A sound caught his ear then—the sound of a woman ...sobbing. In a moment he had vaulted down the remaining ...stairs and stood at the door of the unknown lady's room. ...He knocked. There was no reply save a continuance of ...sobs. He turned the handle gently and entered. A ...strange sight met his eyes. Upon the mat before the fire ...was a girl in a yellow brocade dress and a powdered wig, ...sobbing so industriously that she had neither seen him nor ...heard him.

..."Beg your pardon," he said.

...She was upon her feet in an instant.

..."Who on earth are you?" she demanded, chokily. "And ...how dare you come in here?"

..."I apologise," he said. "I only came to tell you that ...the man who has been here and just left comes back, ...you have only to call me and I shall have much pleasure ...in kicking him downstairs for you."

...There was a pause.

..."That's all," he said. "I am sorry."

...He began to walk again.

..."How dared he?" How dared he!" she demanded, roving ...the faded carpet.

...He paused near the door; the beauty of the Georgian ...lightened her wig.

..."Tell me the man upstairs," she said, abruptly. "The ...girls have told me all about you. She said you ran through ...a fortune in ten years, and are 'on the rocks.' Well, you're ...extremely. If that man does come back I shall certainly ask you to be so kind as to kick him downstairs."

...The man lingered.

..."He kissed me," she explained unexpectedly.

...A little smile crossed his face.

..."Well," he said, "I'm prepared to kick him downstairs ...for you, but I'm afraid I have kissed a pretty girl myself in my ...time."

...She smiled at him for the first time.

..."Perhaps she wanted you to," she said, quaintly.

...He smiled in reply.

"Perhaps he did."

She moved restlessly.

"Please leave go of the door-handle," she said, "and take the arm-chair. I've no one to talk to, and perhaps you haven't. I stay here with a lady friend—but her sister was taken ill and she had to go home. I act. That man came here for a rehearsal. I dressed for it for fun. We got on all right at first, and then he started to make love to me. I told him to stop, and he wouldn't. He kissed me . . so I told him to get out."

"Cad!" said the man savagely.

She looked at him and noted his shabby clothes for the first time.

"The trouble is," she said, dreamily, "that he was to have appeared with me to-morrow night, and now I shall have no one, because I wouldn't play with him now if it were ever so. I was to have given a 'trial' show—this has absolutely done it in."

A tear rolled down her pink cheek on to the yellow brocade. She carefully retrieved it with a small handkerchief.

"I used to act in amateur theatricals long ago," he said, absently.

She jumped up impulsively.

"Then it's got to be you," she said. "I'll teach you the part if I have to sit up all night. We have all day to-morrow to rehearse."

"But you don't know who I am," he said.

She grinned.

"There is Providence," she said, carelessly. "If you are hopeless, then my show is off. Otherwise—well, I was going to give Anson a guinea for the trial show and three-ten a week after."

"My name is Ingleside," he said, slowly. "And yours?"

"I'm Vanda May," she said. "Chorus and small parts. Now I've got this Georgian duologue . . and I'm going to sink or swim with it."

* * *

At the end of a month strange things had happened. The sketch had been entirely successful—and the man soon awoke to a knowledge that his personal interest in Miss Vanda May was immense. He had given up commercial travelling and played nightly with her in her Georgian playlet. They went on tour for a couple of months and afterwards returned to town.

Two days after their return he came down to her room. She sat in a chair looking at a telegram.

"Good news," she said, cheerfully. "We have got the tour after all."

"Yes?" he said.

She laughed.

"We are getting great pals. Quite a romantic pair. It's wonderful how we've got on."

"I think," he said deliberately, "that you'd do better if you got a proper actor to play my part."

"A proper actor," she jeered. "Oh, there isn't one. I'm quite sure. Don't run down the profession like that."

"You know what I mean," he said. "A man more capable of acting than I am—I'm always afraid I'll 'queer' you."

"You're sick of it?" she demanded "If so I'm sorry. We play well together—everyone says so. It's odd, but it's true. Anson is mad enough about it, I can tell you."

"They say he is a fine actor," said Ingleside, heavily.

* * *

At the end of the sketch the curtain always came down upon Miss Vanda May in Mr. Ingleside's arms.

One night she caught his arm and held it closely for a moment. Her white wig lay against his shoulder.

"Anson would have kissed me," she said whimsically.

Mr. Ingleside moved aside.

"So would I," he said, slowly. "Only I've nothing to offer you."

They crossed the stage together.

She laughed a little.

"There's your heart!" she said.

And because of the whim of someone in a wig, Mr. Ingleside is married to-day.

You'll ask what this has to do with chivalry—but always remember that our hero made his wife's acquaintance through offering to kick another man downstairs!

THE GREAT TRIAL OF 1920.

Mr. Justice Straightlace brought to a conclusion the case known as "The Great Eugenist Trial," by sentencing the defendants to fifteen years' penal servitude.

Mr. Largepot, K.C., appearing for the plaintiffs, stated that he desired the defendants to be committed for "that they did conspire together to obtain a marriage license without the consent of the Central Eugenist Association."

The male defendant, he said, was a poet, one of those unprincipled men who had one foot on earth and the other in Heaven; who usually had only one suit of clothes, for which they often never paid. Poets must be driven out of the country at all costs.

The female defendant was a barmaid. Such people also must be stamped out.

It appeared that he first met her at a Covent Garden ball, and later frequented the public-house at which she was employed, drinking gin and bitters with her: an act in itself disgraceful. There was found on the female defendant a letter, from which it seemed that, had they been successful in obtaining the license, the couple intended to settle down in one of the Garden Suburbs—sinks of artists, authors, and iniquity. The man earned his income by writing poems, chiefly to the miserable woman in the case, and also to the moon. When he was arrested, he had threepence in his possession, which showed that he was a man of means. As the bill introduced two days previously, and unanimously passed, stated that "no person should marry, try to marry, or even desire to marry, without the consent of the Central Eugenist Association," he asked that both defendants should be committed for trial.

The male defendant, giving evidence, stated that he first met the lady whom he desired to marry at a dance given by Lady Bloomer at Covent Garden. He was first attracted to her by the designs, which had been painted by Mr. Bakst, on her legs.

The Judge: "Tut! Tut! Designs on the legs, sir! Do not talk like that here!"

In cross-examination, he admitted that he did have a drink with her one night, and that it was she who proposed to him.

The Judge: "Are you aware, sir, that drinking is prohibited by Act of Parliament?"

The defendant said he was not; but stated that he had heard of Mr. Bernard Shaw, and that certain Bishops objected to public-houses and cinema performances.

Miss Marie Lloyd, giving evidence for the defence, said that in her opinion anyone ought to be able to marry whom they liked.

The Judge (sarcastically): "Well, my dear, you ought to know, if anyone does!"

Witness smiled at the Judge, and said: "Tip it!"

Mr. Bernard Shaw, giving evidence, stated that he was writing a play dealing with the subject, and so could not give an opinion till after the trial.

The Judge: "A beastly advertising dodge!"

Mr. Trueliver, K.C., for the defence, contended that the prisoners were both highly respectable people, the lady having been since childhood a member of the Y.W.C.A., and the unfortunate male had taken a prominent part in helping to bring about the death of Musical Comedy in 1918. He asked for the dismissal of the charge.

The Judge submitted that it was undoubtedly a case to go for trial, but as the courts were already full of cases, and as he had been given power to act summarily in a case of such a description, he would deal with it at once. Taking into consideration the disgusting nature of the charge, he passed sentence of fifteen years' penal servitude on both defendants.

He also requested the press to make the case as decent as possible, urging them to leave out any "spicy bits," as the public, and especially young people, seemed to take a delight in reading what they should not.

RALPH HOLBROOK-KEEN.

"Naval Secrets by Kinema" (*Pall Mall Gazette*): Of course, it is only right that national secrets should be screened.

* * *

Two men charged at Southampton with fighting said that they quarrelled over Mr. Lloyd George. Take heart, David, you have at least one supporter.

* * *

"Marie Lloyd Whips Taylor" (*Vancouver Herald*). And then he got the needle.

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MODERN SPORT FOR MEN AND WOMEN.

The Rugby victory of Wales over Scotland in her second international match of the season makes England's victory over the Principality out to be something better than many people thought when only one point separated the countries at the end of the game. Against Scotland Hirst started the scoring as he did against England, by dropping a goal in brilliant style, but before that, that fine sprinter, Stewart, had utilised his marvellous burst of speed on the football field (he seems faster there than on the running track) to score a fine try for Scotland. Wales could not get over the Scots' line in the first half, but Bancroft kicked a fine penalty goal. In the second half the Scots cracked up, and Wales in the end won as she liked: it was just a procession. By the way, in the second half a small stand, holding old international players, broke down. It was alarming, but fortunately no harm happened to anybody.

ENGLAND v. IRELAND AT RUGBY.

Will England beat Ireland at Twickenham to-day (Saturday)? Everything points now to a comfortable victory for [illegible] and once more England should secure the triple crown in Rugby football. We shall all be interested to see how F. E. Oakley and W. J. A. Davies, the Services' half-backs, who replace Taylor and Wood, the Midlands' pair, [illegible]. There is some cavilling about the inclusion of [illegible] and he is so brilliant on his day, moreover so [illegible] fully understands Oakley's methods, that the selection committee could not well have separated them. Two [illegible] forwards, H. C. and A. L. Harrison, replace [illegible] and Bull, and these are the only changes that [illegible] upon on the side.

THE IRISH TEAM.

[illegible] the Irish side that had such a [illegible] game with France on New Year's [illegible], the Irish selectors have made [illegible] changes. The last line of defence [illegible] custodian in Montgomery, the [illegible] College player, who takes the place [illegible] Macnamara, of University College, [illegible] comes in as scrum half to the exclusion [illegible] in the three-quarter line a couple [illegible] further changes have been made, Wood [illegible] Stewart giving place to Foster and Winch, [illegible] and in the pack Stokes goes out and Taylor comes in. The forwards won the match—literally pulled it out of the fire in the concluding stages—against France, and it is on the forwards that Ireland will have to rely to-day to save herself from a heavy beating. The full sides are,—

England:—W. R. Johnston (Bristol); C. N. Lowe (Cambridge University), F. E. Chap[illegible] (Liverpool Rovers), R. W. Poulton [illegible], J. H. D. Watson (Blackheath); [illegible]y (United Services), W. J. A. [illegible] (United Services); L. G. Brown (Lon[illegible]), C. H. Pillman (Blackheath), [illegible] (Cambridge University), G. [illegible], H. C. Harrison (United [illegible]), J. Brunton (North Durham), S. [illegible] (Gloucester), and A. L. Harrison (United Services).

[illegible] F. J. Montgomery (Queen's Col[illegible]); J. B. Mirah (Bective Rangers), [illegible] (Wanderers), A. R. Foster [illegible], J. P. Quinn (Dublin University); R. [illegible] Lloyd (Liverpool), V. J. MacNamara [illegible] (University College, Cork); P. O'Connell, W. [illegible] (Bective Rangers); G. V. Killeen [illegible], J. J. Clune (Blackrock College), [illegible] (Dublin Wanderers), J. Taylor [illegible] (Queen's College, Belfast), W. Tyrrell [illegible] (University College, Dublin), and C. Adams [illegible].

SOCCER INTERNATIONAL.

[illegible] Soccer International between England [illegible] Ireland to-day should provide some [illegible] good football. Both sides are good ones, [illegible] the English Selection Committee have by no means chosen the best forward line they could have found, and in some cases have been foolish in splitting club wings for no apparent reason. If Shea and Latheron, of Blackburn Rovers, are the two best inside forwards in England, then surely it would have been better to have chosen the club's wings to play with them, for both Jocky Simpson and Hodkinson are fully the equals of Wallace (of Villa) and Martin (of Sunderland). We saw how it worked out in the match between the English League and the Southern League on Monday last at New Cross. The League forwards were the same as will play to-day, and the side never properly got together, and although the English League won in the end it was a rather lucky victory. Now if Martin (of Sunderland) is the right outside left and Holley his club partner, an old international, is the best inside left to hold in reserve to Latheron, then surely for the sake of combination it would have been better to have played Martin and Holley together as the left wing. Personally I should not object to seeing both wings made up of the Blackburn players, with Elliott, the Middlesbrough man, or Vivian Woodward, in the centre-forward berth. I think the latter would be the better choice, for Elliott does not shine in representative matches. Last year against Ireland at Belfast he was a comparative failure, and he was held up by Mitchell in Monday's match at New Cross.

THE CHOICE OF BACKS.

By the way, in that match Colclough, the Crystal Palace back, gave a brilliant display and was the best player on the field. Seeing that Crompton and Pennington were on the opposing side this is saying something. Crompton was not at his best on Monday, but Pennington was quite good, and while the pair exhibit such wonderful combination it would be a daring Selection Committee that would think about parting them.

Irritable Passenger: "What time do you expect the 4.30?"
Porter: "4.30, Sir."
I.P.: "But, hang it all, man, it's 4.35 now!"
Porter: "Yes, Sir, it's gone."

Ireland have already beaten a strong Welsh team at Wrexham this season, and as they scored their first victory over England last year there are strong hopes in Belfast—the headquarters of Soccer in Ireland—that the strong side they have got together will at least hold their own.

The teams are:—

England:—Hardy (Aston Villa); Crompton (Blackburn Rovers), Pennington (West Bromwich Albion); Cuggy (Sunderland), Buckley (F.) (Derby County), Watson (Burnley); Wallace (Aston Villa), Shea (Blackburn Rovers), Elliott (Middlesbrough), Latheron (Blackburn Rovers), and Martin (Sunderland). Reserves: Brittleton (Sheffield Wednesday) and Holley (Sunderland).

Ireland:—F. W. M'Kee (Belfast Celtic); W. G. M'Connell (Bohemians), Craig (Greenock Morton); Hampton (Bradford City), O'Connell (Hull City), Hamill (Manchester United); Houston (Everton), Young (Linfield), Gillespie (Sheffield United), Lacey (Liverpool), and Thompson (Clyde).

LEAGUE FOOTBALL.

By the way, Blackburn Rovers, without Shea, Latheron and Crompton, will be greatly weakened for their League match at Blackburn against Manchester City this afternoon. Still, they have now secured a fine lead in the competition, and their present runners-up, Sunderland, are three points behind. Sunderland have to entertain Derby County without Martin, Cuggy and Holley. Derby themselves will be giving up Buckley.

BOXING.

Bill Beynon was beaten again by Charles Ledoux at Cardiff on Saturday, and he always will lose to the stronger and cleverer Frenchman, who is, however, no great shakes as a boxing expert, and who will almost certainly be beaten by Digger Stanley or Curley Walker, to say nothing of Johnny Hughes.

There was a weird and wonderful story of the guerdon for the McClosky-Bob Scanlon match at The Ring last Monday. The story is denied, and it is said that McClosky, who was not too well, only went into the ring for the loser's end of the purse, and was game enough to stay the distance. My informant tells me he looked far from fit and was badly beaten. If you want to know the story you must ask a boxing friend, but I can say it is officially denied.

HAYES v. LAMBERT.

Than Seaman Hayes, the sturdy little featherweight, there is no more popular boxer at the N.S.C. He has to waste a bit to get down to 9st. nowadays, and he did not look too fit for his battle with fast-hitting and clever Alec. Lambert on Monday. Odds were laid on Lambert at the start, but Hayes out-punched his man and won towards the end of the eighth round by a right to the jaw, Alec taking the full count. For some rounds it had been obvious that Lambert was not liking his job, and I fancy he was glad to get the one that put him out of his misery.

THE LIGHT-HEAVYWEIGHT BELT.

Dennis Haugh and Dick Smith, in their combat for the light-heavyweight belt at the N.S.C., should put up a pert battle again. Smith won last time, and Haugh got the decision. Haugh will have to improve a lot to beat Smith at their next meeting. Haugh and Mahoney meet at Cork at Easter time for the Irish championship.

INTEREST IN THE BLAKE-WELLS MATCH.

Intense interest is being manifested in the forthcoming match between Bandsman Blake and Bombardier Wells. Both men are now training hard, Blake at the Hampstead gymnasium, which Dick Burge has taken from Mr. Clark, and Wells at Leigh-on-Sea. There is a talk that Blake has tried to kick over the traces and fulfil another week's vaudeville engagement before going into training. But Burge was inflexible. Blake said he would beat Wells with a fortnight's training. Oh the vanity of these boys! If he whips Wells at all he will have achieved a wonderful feat, and as if to appraise his chances in the eyes of experts it may be said that the betting is now 3 to 1 on Wells. It will be a very disillusioned young man on the night of March 3rd, or I am very much mistaken.

SAD CATASTROPHE AT CARDIFF.

By the way, the beer ran out at a certain hotel at Cardiff on Saturday. The supping parties who had travelled down by the 3.35 p.m. from Paddington, and had waited up the fight for their meals, could not get a drop of I heard ten people ask for a pint of bitter, a Bass a Worthington, and fail to get it. Another brand was able. In the small hours of the morning the whisky ran out in the smoke-room.

SEARCH FOR THE WHITE HOPE.

From what I can hear the *Sporting Chronicle* find anything much at their first big trial at the Free Hall, Manchester, in their quest for a white hope was plenty of eagerness—was not £5,000 at stake—boxing, as it generally is with those heavyweight novices crude in the extreme.

SCULLING.

Big James Padden, the Australian giant champion leaves Sydney on May 2nd on the "Mooltan" for with Ernest Barry for the championship of the wor him comes Sydney Kemp, nephew of the champion, Peter Kemp, who will train Padden. chance, scull a match with James Albany, th challenger to Barry, who thinks he has been by the champion. By the way, Albany, priority over Padden, had appealed to the profess ing authorities in Australia. But they saw noth prevent the match with Padden going on, and A wait for his chance. After all he is a young man improving every season. Padden has beaten Dick and Alf. Felton for the Australian title.

THAMES R.C. TO VISIT AUSTRALIA.

Very likely a strong Thames R.C. crew, assisted or two fine oarsmen from other clubs will visit Aust invitation has been received from the Sydney Association.

BILLIARDS.

What a mistake the officials controlling the pro billiards tournament at the Soho Square saloon ma they gave A. F. Peall 4,000 points start and youthful Newman 2,000. Newman, who is winning his Peall at the time of writing, looks like being the winner of the tournament. Good judges think he coming champion. Inman thinks so, but probably say so yet, and John Roberts is confident of it.

CRICKET.

There were probably big rejoicings in Durban w M.C.C. team lost the first match of their tour, for that the present side is none too popular in South How much the men really deserve the hard t about them we have yet to find out, and I am inc think that the "incidents" which have caused the have been greatly exaggerated. Civic receptions and speeches are all very well in their way, but as known player, who has been on many tours, said "It's a bit of a job to be civil even to a Mayor been on the train for twelve hours, and previous three days in the broiling sun." To H. W. Tay South African captain, belongs the chief credit of fine victory. Taylor has been described as the cen class batsman in South Africa, and he has cert to carry the side on his shoulders. In Natal's first he made 91 of the 136 scored from the bat, and when were going none too well in the second k with a brilliant 100. Natal's victory should giv the fourth test match, which is to be played on t ground; but as England have already won the rubb can be no great interest in the two remaining

THE CHIEL AMA

Have you never noticed that the fire of genius se experiences difficulty in making the pot b

* * *

The grass widow is never as green as her p indicate.

* * *

Nothing is more satisfactory than some people's of themselves.

* * *

Occasionally a widow gets more than even with bachelor by marrying him.

THE RETURN OF PEPYS.

Julia, the celebrated medium, has informed us of a wonderful astral communication that she has received from Samuel Pepys, who walked the earth during the reign of Charles II., and left behind him a diary in cypher recording the most minute and meanest of his actions during a period [illegible] years of his life. It appears that last week he had been granted a week's vacation and chose [illegible] unknown to us, in his beloved city of London. [illegible] here.

[illegible] sults of his spiritualistic impressions of two of his [illegible]

MONDAY. [illegible] early, and after many hearty farewells [illegible] With me came one Phil May, my [illegible] a marvellous witte fellow, whom I met [illegible] there. I did greatly marvell, the while Phil [illegible] subtile joaks on my plaie of face, for the city has [illegible] vastly. On a goodly car, without horses, drawn, Phil tells me, by the air. (Mem.: To tell Mother Shipton—when I return.) And so to a brave luncheon at one called [illegible] Isaacs, where the fish is mighty tasteful and the grilled [illegible] pleasing withal. Then down the Strand, where, Phil tells me, they gather strange long yellow fruits which [illegible] displaie on hand-carts. Passed a hall of musick called the Tivoli, which men pull down to make way for another. (Mem.: To tell Sullivan—when I return, that the English [illegible] are more given to musick than in my time.)

Then Phil did make unseemly frolique of a musician from the Tivoli called Harry Lauder, whom I should like to meet, he seeming a careful frugal man of mine own kind. He did also make great sport of a "Nu Spelin Sosieti," though in sooth their spelling seems more rightly true, like unto mine own. Then we two on a car, where a man marvellously [illegible]sembling William Shakspear, and making [illegible] his teeth on a bun, but Phil whispered it was [illegible] Caine, a mummer. At the Savoy, where I staid [illegible]while, and there saw "A Midsummer Night's [illegible] by friend Shakspear, who was somewhat known [illegible] (Mem.: To tell Will when I see him again.) [illegible] room, a most pretty apartment, where much merry with the young ladies. So home

[illegible]—Up early, my head aching all day from last [illegible]. Discoursed pleasantly with Phil, who [illegible] some of his old pictures such I had never seen [illegible] in a mighty Puritan paper called "Punch." To [illegible] there to see pass the Royal procession to open [illegible] the military making a brave show. Much [illegible] by the way from some wild women, who were [illegible] to roam free, but marked by the judges, so Phil [illegible] by three divers colours so that others may know and [illegible] from them. Sundrie men in blue did make much [illegible] with staffs and the wild women did cease their outcric. [illegible] did heare much talk of one Lloyd George, who, I learn, [illegible] anthropist giving much away to charity, and offering [illegible] every fourpence brought to him. The people [illegible] heartily and lustily as the King and Queen [illegible] and I ask Phil to take me to Smithfield, [illegible] market, but he made replie that he would be [illegible] to a district just as good. So to Piccadilly, where [illegible] ladies of title do walke. A mighty elegant [illegible] (Mem.: To tell Dryden—the maidens of [illegible] way weare more but shewe more.) Then to the [illegible] musick called the "Alhambra," which I did like [illegible] albeit there are no doings of musick but a romantik [illegible] of pretty girls with shapely forms at which there [illegible] great clapping of hands. After sundrie sport with [illegible] and much joaking with much subtile [illegible] to a night clubb, and a smoak of a rare [illegible] tobacco. Here we supped very merry, with song [illegible] and saw much mixing of royal blood and painted [illegible] women and a good deal of sitting on knees and strange [illegible] discourse. More hardie doings, so that I felt quite [illegible] again and would have embraced her for the fifth [illegible] but that Phil drew me away. And so, leaving the clubb [illegible] discontent, it being a brave moonshine, and twelve [illegible] clock, to ——

[illegible] explains that communication with the spirit of Samuel Pepys was suddenly interrupted and that she has [illegible] unable to set up a connection again. M. L.

[illegible] some. Even a dog appreciates happi- [illegible] ately after he has had a few tin cans tied

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STOCKS AND SHARES.

BY "AURIGA."

TO THE STUDENT OF FINANCE the question of our gold reserves is one of fascinating interest. Is our gold reserve adequate to the maintenance of the credit transactions which are based on it? The bankers themselves seem to be uncertain, but it is pretty clear that the reserve *is* adequate, except in the case of a great shrinkage of general credit, such as would be brought about by war between any of the premier European nationalities. Many prominent authorities in the banking world foresee the possibility of such break-down in credit, and wish to arrange an emergency currency to meet any such stringency, but the power to do this is not in their hands. Emergency currency can only be created by legislation.

* * *

ALTHOUGH THE GOVERNMENT KNOW perfectly well of these discussions in banking circles, and have in their own hands adequate schemes for emergency currency if any severe shrinkage or break-down should come, it is certain that no disclosure will be made of the means which will be used until the emergency arises. In the meantime the discussions of the gold committee, in so far as they become known to the public, cannot but be productive of good, as the question is one which affects, or may affect, financial transactions of every kind at some future date.

* * *

No one with a clear understanding of financial questions can suppose for a moment that the suggestion that the Government should pay off the debt of eleven millions owing to the issue department of the Bank of England would assist us in an emergency of this kind. Such a procedure would only cause a further shrinkage of currency, whilst the need would be for expansion.

* * *

ON THE STOCK EXCHANGE the markets have developed a distinctly steadier tone. The profit-taking at the settlement steadied the position, and the reaction in an upward direction will have begun by the time this is in your hands. Investors are paying close attention to the new issues, and it is interesting to notice that the proportion going into the underwriters' hands in most cases is almost nil.

* * *

THE GILT-EDGED MARKET REMAINS FIRM. Consols are still being bought, but more steadily, and it is not probable that they will advance very much further; 78 is probably the limit of improvement in sight.

* * *

THE NEW CITY OF LONDON CORPORATION LOAN (which it should be noted is not a Trustee Stock) of £1,000,000 3½ per cent. at 95 is issued through Messrs. Samuel and Co. All the previous issues have been through the Bank of England.

* * *

HOME RAILWAYS remain on the average steady, with a slight slip back on the part of the Brighton Deferred, the market being disappointed with the dividend, which, whilst admitted to be fair, did not quite come up to the expectations of the dealers. But the investors were contented, and the big lines are still good to buy for investment purposes.

THE UNION OF SOUTH AFRICA CONSOLIDATED 4 PER CENT. STOCK, of which four millions is now on offer at 98¼, is an excellent investment. The loan is for telegraphs, railways, harbours, and public services.

* * *

THERE IS A MORE HOPEFUL TONE IN WALL STREET, but the position is not materially improved, the notable exception being the sharp rise in Rock Islands. This had a bracing effect on the American market here, but there is no real enthusiasm, and speculators will be well advised to move cautiously.

RUBBER SHARES are being bought; but no boom in rubber can be expected. Oils are much more alive, and later we shall see great activity in the oil market. North Caucasians have been largely dealt in, but when the boom comes it will be in shares like the Premier Oil and Pipe Line, Maikop Pipe, etc.

AFTER YEARS OF DULNESS THE MARKET is busy on account of the large number of standing options and the small supply of shares in jobbers' books, and there are so many shorts that it is that prices will continue to rise to something near intrinsic value of the shares.

* * *

MEXICAN SECURITIES should be sold. The there will not readily be calmed down. Sancho V military dictator, has control of the North, and largest following of any Mexican general. He has under military law a sort of socialistic regime, the public utilities as well as the important private Villa dominates the situation by sheer strength a feared than any other man in Mexico. He ha the operation of a State Bank and Mint. With his 10,000 men, every one of whom is absolutely devo leadership, he will undoubtedly become a do in the Government of the entire country.

* * *

IN THE SHIPPING LIST P. and O. steady, Furness Withys and Cunards are advancing attention is likely to be given to this section by t we should see during the next month gains in shipping securities.

* * *

SELFRIDGES in the **INDUSTRIAL MARKET** a very excellent report. The Preference Shares firm and the Debentures advanced. Harrods fell sli the announcement of the reduced dividend of 20 for 1913. Marconis improved. Cements are advan Pekins and Shansis are well supported.

* * *

HOLDERS OF SHARES IN FINANCIAL PROMOTION SYNDICATES will see high year, and for the man who has money to play latter—although to a degree speculative—bring return. The difficulty for the ordinary man in is not only how to get in but how to be satisfied selected concerns are well managed, and have ness of a profitable and successful character. of any suggested investments in such syndicates be frankly given to our subscribers.

* * *

THE REGAL FIRE AND ACCIDENT enters upon a new life with a most capab Directors. The shares are, of course, speculative good speculation.

* * *

For those who want an excellent little gamble **BANNER GOLD MINING COMPANY FORNIA)** shares offer specially good prospects be bought at present at about 4s. 6d., and a rise come almost immediately. No one at the mom what figure they will reach, but 10s. to 15s. talked of on the street.

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TO THE TRADE.

Up till now the De Reszke American have been known only to a select coterie of smokers. We have never dared to make them a bold feature in our advertising owing to the impossibility of obtaining a sufficient supply of matured Old Belt Virginia Tobacco really fine enough to maintain the De Reszke reputation for magnificent quality. Now, however, we have been fortunate enough to secure an enormous quantity of Old Crop Virginia, sufficient to last us for several years, and we beg therefore to inform the trade generally that there is no longer any necessity to disappoint customers.

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RACING.

BY "OBSERVER."

Although the acceptances for the Spring handicaps have now been public property for some days there has been very little speculation on the Lincolnshire and the Grand National. Still, we shall no doubt have plenty of wagering on these two races in the near future, as the fact that there were so few important withdrawals denotes that owners generally were satisfied with the imposts their candidates were allotted. The fact that Cheerful paid forfeit for the Lincolnshire came as something of a surprise, as the gelding was a big tip for the race when the entries came out, and more than one punter, by accepting alluring odds at that period, has burnt his fingers. Cheerful has been left in the Kempton Park Jubilee Handicap, for which his weight is 6st. 11lb., a matter of 6lb. less than he was given in the Lincolnshire.

Other notable non-acceptors of the Carholme race were Lord Annandale, Lord Derby's pair (Light Brigade and Young Pegasus), Sun Yat and Radiant. The removal of the latter pair clears the air somewhat with regard to Mr. J. B. Joel's string, but with Spanish Prince, Blue Stone and Happy Warrior still eligible it would not be prudent to wager on any of the three Wantage horses until more is heard of their owner's intentions. Personally, I like Happy Warrior best of the trio, and should this three-year-old represent Mr. Joel on the day I would not leave him out of my calculation. Mr. Sol. Joel now has Long Set and Maiden Erlegh to choose from, his other nomination, St. Gall, having been withdrawn. Which of this pair will be his first string is difficult to say, but I do not think that Long Set can carry 9st. 5lb. successfully, as he failed under that weight in the race last Spring. In my last article I mentioned Cuthbert, Berrilldon, Romeo, Happy Warrior, Percival Keene and Lord Annandale as being in my opinion the pick of the handicap. The last-named did not accept, and of the remainder I prefer Romeo, Happy Warrior and Cuthbert as being likely to prove remunerative speculations.

Although sixteen horses went out of the Grand National there were no surprising withdrawals, and this year's race for the blue riband of the steeplechasing world should prove to be a very open affair. Among those who paid forfeit were Capt. Paynter's recent purchases, Finnigan and Castlewrixon Lad, both of whom were no doubt bought with a view to competing at the Sandown Grand Military meeting, and at Cheltenham. Others taken out were the two French horses, Cavero and Longchamp, and as L'Etang la Ville was subsequently scratched, France has only two candidates left to represent her in the race. These two, Lutteur III. and Trianon III., are, of course, well-known over here, particularly the former, who will probably again be the hope of continental sportsmen. Lutteur III.'s previous success in the race of 1909 makes him one of the few horses in the race who have covered the difficult country without coming to grief, and he is sure to be a dangerous candidate. Still, with 12st. 6lb. he has plenty to carry, and the fact that he was on the shelf so long a period shortly after his second attempt to secure Aintree honours in 1911, when he came to grief through being interfered with, is not in his favour. A rumour is current that his owner, M. Hennessy, has taken £10,000 to £800 about his chance, but at the moment I prefer some of those with less weight. The top weight, Covertcoat, is more likely to represent Sir C. Assheton-Smith than Irish Mail, who has something the matter with one of his forelegs, and at the time of writing it is doubtful if he will stand a preparation for the race. The King's steeplechaser, Twelfth Lancer, and Carrigue and Axle Pin, Lord Derby's pair, have accepted, and these three, Ilston, and Blow Pipe are still in my estimation the pick of the handicap.

Favoured with delightful spring-like weather steeplechasing has been more popular during the past week or so, and most of the meetings have been a decided success from a financial point of view. That well-known performer on the flat, Wrack, made a very stylish debut over hurdles at Sandown Park, and he must be the smartest young jumper seen out this season. Lord Rosebery's colt is of much better class than most of the flat racers that are put over hurdles, and he simply smothered the opposition at Sandown.

Manchester, Ludlow and Kempton Park provide the racing next week, each fixture having a couple of days.

At Manchester on Monday the February Hurdle Handicap should fall to Molly's Birthday, the Salford Handicap Steeplechase to Gale II., and the Monday Selling Steeplechase to Denmark. On the second day Dalnaspidal may take the Waterloo Handicap Steeplechase, Limerock the Brack Handicap Hurdle, and Periwinkle the Broughton Handicap Steeplechase.

The Stewards' Handicap Steeplechase at Ludlow on Wednesday may be won by Agnes M., the Castle Steeplechase by Marena, and the Bromfield Hurdle by Fireball. On Thursday Thaddeus may take the Caynham Handicap Hurdle, Celerity the Liverpool Trial Steeplechase, and Eager Star the Novices' Hurdle.

Twelfth Lancer may score for His Majesty in the Two Mile Handicap Steeplechase at Kempton Park on Friday, General's Pride in the Rendlesham Handicap Hurdle, and Warbine in the Thames Hurdle. The Portlane Handicap Steeplechase on the second day may be won by Heather, Peace the Two Mile Maiden Steeplechase by Fleeting Peace, and the Kempton Park Selling Handicap Steeplechase by Brock.

"You didn't hear all of my sermon," said the minister.
"Yes, I did," replied the considerate lady; "I closed my eyes part of the time for fear of seeing something that would distract my attention."

* * *

The Joke Broker: These wheezes are all old and worn out."
The Broke Joker: I know they're pretty bad, but if we ascribe them to a lot of prominent men they'll go in the magazines."

* * *

Wild Son: Dad, I'm going to trace back our ancestors.
Father: Drop it! You've disgraced the family enough smoking cigarettes!

NO. 5 FOOTBALL COMPETITION RESULT.

LIST OF PRIZE WINNERS.

In our Fifth Football Competition no one was successful in forecasting the results of the whole of the twenty matches given.

Twenty-nine coupons gave fifteen correct results, and the consolation prize of 10s. per week for one year is accordingly divided amongst the senders. In view of the large number of participants we have decided to allot the prize amount of the prize forthwith, and cheques for 17s. 11d. accordingly being forwarded to the successful competitors whose names are given below:—

Bidnell, W., 3a, Rightaway, New Town, Hatfield, Herts.
Burnett, Thos. Jas., 7, Windsor Road, Holloway, London, N.
Dingle, Harry Beechfield, Great Eccleston, nr. Garstang.
Filby, Stanley J., 29, Wellington Road, Wimbledon Park.
Garrod, P., No. 6, Trevor Street, Green Lane, Hull.
Giddings, Mrs. T., 13, Monday Market Street, Devizes, Wilts.
Golding, H. G., St. George's Road, Orpington.
Grubb, M., 26, Hazelbourne Road, Balham Hill, London, S.W.
Heather, F., "Chevin Side," Portswood, Southampton.
Holden, E., 3, Calverley Street, Preston, Lancs. (2 Coupons).
Hudson, Alf., 24, Canterbury Street, Liverpool.
Hume, Robt., Lake View, Wingate, Co. Durham.
Jones, T. W., 7, Stacey Road, Cardiff.
Lord, D., Hairdresser, Mill Hill, Blackburn.
Mayston, S., 44, Stafford Street, Peckham, London, S.E.
Mather, Richd., 81, Gibbon Street, Bolton.
McCauley, Joseph, 2, Harvey Street, Londonderry.
McMamara, Saml., Peters Hill Baths, Belfast.
Morris, H., South Drive, St. Anne's-on-Sea.
Pease, Geo., 23, Highfield Road, Doncaster.
Poole, K., 315, Aston Lane, Birmingham.
Roberts, Albert, School Street, Uppermill, nr. Oldham.
Robinson, J., 9, Warm Turn, Aberbeeg, Mon.
Shepley, Chas., 1, Market Street, Droylsden.
Treasure, B., 17, Avenue Road, Frome, Somerset.
Walters, Harry, Stanley Common, near Derby.
Waters, Chas. E., British Hotel, Bangor.
Wood, E., 39, Victoria Road, Dukinfield, Cheshire.

All the above gave 15 correct results each.

The result of our Sixth Football Competition will be announced next week.

THE OUTER MAN.

By CAPTAIN L. H. SAUNDERS.

If this mild spring-like weather continues, winter overcoats must be discarded, and the bright sunshiny days show up painfully the stains, creases and shininess of our present suit.

* * *

So, granted no back-set in our erratic climate, spring overcoats and new suits look like an immediate necessity, thus early in the year, and this will be a welcome change for tailors. It is an open secret that the tailoring business has had a very poor winter's turn-over. Many retail and wholesale houses have on hand stocks of winter cloths which they would be glad to dispose of at a very liberal discount upon cost.

* * *

The selection of a spring and summer overcoat is somewhat difficult. The ideal coat is light in weight, neither a burthen on shoulders or in valise, packs into small bulk, made from a good quality of wool which does not retain packing creases, is warm enough for spring evenings and not too warm for occasional use in summer, is at least shower-proof, and, if absolutely water-proof so much the better.

* * *

Early in 1910 I became the owner of an overcoat with all of the above good points, and it is still in good, serviceable and respectable condition. The cloth is West of England covert coating, of the fawn shade so much used for covert coating, designed to defy time and tempest. The yarn composing the material is of fine spin and the weave close; thus wind does not penetrate. Rain has been provided for by first proofing the yarn, drying same, weaving the cloth and again the proofing process (thus a double water-proofing, mark you!) and the result—an overcoat in which I can drive for hours in beating rain and be kept as dry as a whistle.

* * *

I had this built with the Raglan sleeves for ease in slipping on and off. The deep roll in lappel was not at that time in vogue, therefore the buttoning up was fairly high, and for an overcoat of this kind I think it is just as well so. After all, an overcoat is primarily for protection; style or fashion is a secondary consideration, although always a consideration. The length is sufficient to well cover the knee, and there is ample spring in skirt to give ease in walking. I have ample pockets of ample size, and a long slit at back, with holes and buttons for use if required.

* * *

Altogether this Naquatum overcoat has been, and is, a success; and I consider it was an excellent investment at three guineas. I believe the material can be had in a lower-priced coat, but I question if the cheaper coat would have stood the battle and the breeze for four years without scathe or blemish as mine has.

* * *

Regarding these covert coating overcoats, I saw, in Regent Street recently, one of these decorated with a velvet collar. I presume it was an attempt to mix town and country style, but it was a bad mixture; and the entire coat showed that it had neither been of judicious designing nor of competent tailoring.

* * *

Velvet collars on overcoats should be for dress or semi-dress wear, but are out of place elsewhere. Another instance which I have seen of the misuse of a velvet collar was on a wrap overcoat of a thick blue nap. The coat was well designed, fitting to waist, sprung over hips to below knee, broad inserted pleast from skirt coming up under half belt nearly to shoulders, but the black velvet collar was quite out of keeping with the whole tone of the coat.

* * *

American fashion writers have a breezy style which might or might not be adopted in this country with advantage. One of these, commenting upon the weird shapes into which men (usually young men) twist and twirl the soft felt hat, describes it as "a felt hat turned up on one side and down on t'other, like a straight-eared dog with one ear broke."

* * *

Captain Saunders will be pleased to answer in this column questions concerning any problem of dress. Readers requiring a prompt reply should enclose a stamped addressed envelope.

SALE AND EXCHANGE.

Readers or advertisers can insert advertisements in this column to buy or sell goods at the rate of 2d. per word. Instructions mut be sent with remittance so as to reach this office on or before Tuesday morning of each week. Letters should be addressed: Advertisement Department, Farringdon House, Farringdon Street, E.C.

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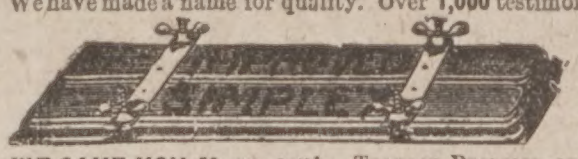

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